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## Little Pick-Ups,

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive.

'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.



There are only a few years left to love, X  
 Shall we waste them in idle strife?  
 Shall we trample them under our ruthless feet  
 Those beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,  
 By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah! let  
 No envious taunts be heard;  
 Make life's fair pattern of rare design,  
 And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine;  
 But never an angry word!

---

X A clear head is desirable, but a clear  
 heart is essential.

---

X *amelia*  
 Whistle and hoe; sing as you go;  
 Shorten the row by the songs you know.

---



Oh! forgive and forget, for this life is so fleeting<sup>@</sup>  
 To waste it in brooding over the wrongs we have met;<sup>+</sup>  
 It is better, far better, to smother our anger,  
 To teach the proud heart to forgive and forget.

---

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,  
 Let fortunes bubbles rise and fall;  
 Who sows a field or trains a flower,  
 Or plants a tree, is more than all.

---

Time to me this truth hath taught—  
 'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—  
 More offend from want of thought,  
 Than from any want of feeling

---

The mill can never grind  
 With the water that is passed.

---



Take the spade of Perseverance,  
 Dig the field of Progress wide;  
 Every bar to true instruction  
 Carry out and cast aside,  
 Every stubborn weed of error,  
 Every seed that hurts the soil,  
 Tares, whose very growth is terror—  
 Dig them out, what e'er the toil!

---

Home's not merely roof and room;  
 It needs something to endear it;  
 Home is where the heart can bloom;  
 Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.  
 What is home with none to meet,  
 None to welcome, none to greet us?  
 Home is sweet—and only sweet—  
 When there's one we love to meet us.

---



We're beaten back in many a fray,  
 But newer strength we borrow;  
 And where the vanguard camps to-day,  
 The rear shall rest to-morrow.

---

Always do as you say;  
 Always vote as you pray;  
 Be gentle and kind,  
 Always keeping in mind  
 That, to win others' love,  
 The sweet coo of the dove  
 Will do more than a growl,  
 Or the hoot of an owl.

---

Never let your zeal outrun your charity;  
 the former is but human, the latter  
 is divine.

---



Take what shall come, tho' bad it be,  
 Take it for good and it will be good to thee.

---

Better be kind to the lowly  
 Than fawn on the rich and the great,  
 Every good act is rewarded,  
 Although the reward may come late.  
 He is the wisest and strongest  
 Who has the patience to wait.

---

\* Keep pushing! 'tis wiser than sitting aside,  
 And sighing and watching and waiting  
 the tide;

In life's earnest battle they only prevail,  
 Who daily march onward and never say fail.

---

Half the ills we board in our hearts are  
 ills because we board them.



True worth is in being not seeming — x  
 In doing each day that goes by  
 Some little good, not in dreaming  
 Of great things to do by and by;  
 For whatever men say in their blindness,  
 And spite of the fancies of youth,  
 There is nothing so kingly as kindness,  
 And nothing so royal as truth.

---

There may be burning deserts  
 Through <sup>which</sup> our feet must go;  
 But there are green oases,  
 Where pleasant palm trees grow;  
 And if we may not follow  
 The paths our hearts would plan,  
 Let us make all around us  
 As happy as we can.

---



The happiest man is the benevolent one,  
for he can stock in the happiness of  
all mankind.

---

Next to our heavenly Father's love  
Comes a mother's, so pure and true;  
In the morning 'tis like an opening bud,  
In the evening fresh as the dew.

---

After a while — a busy brain  
Will rest from all its care and pain.  
After a while — earth's rush will cease,  
And a wearied heart find sweet release.  
After a while — a vanished face,  
An empty seat, a vacant place.  
After a while — a man forgot,  
A crumbled headstone, unknown spot.

---



The night was a thousand eyes  
 And the day but a beam,  
 Yet the light of the bright world lies  
 In the dying dawn.

The world was a thousand eyes,  
 And the heart but a beam,  
 Yet the light of the bright world lies  
 In the love in dawn.

A perfect woman, fully formed,  
 In power, & comfort and command,  
 And yet a spot of child and light,  
 With something of an angel's light.

Think of me as the think of this,  
 And you will sometimes think of me.



I have in front the only seat  
 To take for a worthy end  
 A lot that gives with about a light  
 And neither I am nor interested  
 And then, a bit of my own field  
 The last of my of interest to me.

I am <sup>the</sup> of the people  
 The one of us every day  
 The one of us every day  
 The one of us every day  
 The one of us every day  
 The one of us every day  
 The one of us every day  
 The one of us every day

The other side of the road always looks  
 cleanest.

A broken sabbath is never mended.



The man who has a thousand friends,  
 Has not a friend to spare.  
 But he who has one enemy,  
 Will meet him everywhere.

---

My wish for thee, my friend most dear,  
 Is, not that life may hold for thee no care,  
 But, rather, that each heart-ache and each tear,  
 May make thy life one grand mosaic rare.

---

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean  
 bear;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

---

Expect to be disappointed to day.

---



Each flower holds up a dainty cup,  
 To catch the rain and dew;  
 Each bonny gem upon its stem  
 Lets the light in and through.  
 The drink of flowers, distilled in showers,  
 Is just the drink for you.

---

God bless the little children,  
 Wherever they may be —  
 Far away in the country,  
 Down by the sounding sea —  
 Like flowers in the crowded city,  
 Like birds in the forest tree,  
 God bless the little children,  
 Wherever they may be.

---

Borrowed coats fit badly.



Will you think of your friend when  
     far far away,  
 When the wild winds whistle and soft  
     breezes play,  
 And cast one deep thought in remembrance  
     of me,  
 Oh the friendship the friendship  
     I cherish for thee.

---

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
 But we build the ladder by which we rise  
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

---

The purest treasure  
 Mortal time affords,  
 Is spotless reputation.

---



Have love. Not love alone for one;  
 But man, as man, thy brother call,  
 And scatter, like the circling sun,  
 Thy charities on all.

---

Not so long, and time is fleeting,  
 And over hearts, though shut and brace,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating,  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

---

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

---

If you wish to laugh  
 Glance at my autograph.

---



Let us then be up and doing,  
 With a heart for every fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

Every hour, that fleets so slowly,  
 Has its task to do or bear;  
 Luminous the crown, and holy,  
 If thou set each gem with care

Stars are golden links — God's token  
 Reaching heaven, but one by one.  
 Take them, lest the chain be broken  
 Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

X On this leaf, in memory prest,  
 May my name forever rest.







On the broad highway of action,  
 Friends of worth are far and few,  
 But when one has proved her friendship,  
 Cling to her who clings to you.

---

Go forth thou little volume,  
 I leave thee to thy fate;  
 To love and friendship truly;  
 Thy leaves I dedicate.

---

What's the use of always fretting,  
 At the trials we shall find —  
 Ever strewn along our pathway —  
 To weep on, and never mind.

---

Do all the good you can in the world  
 and make as little noise about it as possible.

---



Man's love is like scotch snuff —  
 You take a pinch and that's enough.  
 Profit by this sage advice,  
 When you fall in love, think twice.

---

Luck is a good thing, but one cannot always  
 afford to wait for it.  
 Pluck is a better thing, because it is always  
 ready to begin.  
 If you would have a faithful servant, and  
 one you like, serve yourself.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere  
 long thou shalt sell thy necessities.

---

When in this corner you happen to look,  
 Think of the one who scribbled your book.  
 — M. E. M.

---



Remember me when far away,

Oh think of me from day to day,  
And when on this your eyes you cast,

Remember where you saw me last.  
- Jessie M. Pierce.

All through my life my prayer shall be,  
May heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee.  
- Adella

Remember me when days are fled,  
And I am numbered with the dead,  
When but a stone remains to tell,  
Who loved you long and well.  
- Adella

If these few lines accepted be,  
Lay them up and think of me,  
If these few lines you do refuse,  
Burn them up and send me excuse.  
- Jessie

Remember me in all I ask but if remembrance is a task,  
 Forget me.  
 Adeline L. Williams

---

Will you forget, and I forget.

The happy hours that we have spent,  
 Or will your heart with mine regret,  
 To think how quickly they were spent.  
 Adeline

---

Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling.  
 But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;  
 And the best of us all require something concealing,  
 Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive.

Then away with the clouds from those beautiful eyes,  
 That brow was no home for such frowns to have met.  
 Oh, how could our spirits' ever hope for the skies,  
 If Heaven refused - To Forgive and Forget.



There's not a flower that decks the vale,  
 There's not a beam that lights the mountain,  
 There's not a shrub that scents the gale,  
 There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,  
 There's not a hue that paints the rose,  
 There's not a leaf around us lying,  
 But in its use or beauty shows,  
 God's love to us, and love undying!

---

Vessels large may venture more,  
 But little boats should keep near shore.

---

Remember me when far away,  
 And only half awake,  
 Remember me on your wedding day,  
 And send me a slice of cake.  
 M. P. M.

---

It is impossible to do good without being good.

Let tomorrow take care of to-morrow;  
 Leave things of the future to fate;  
 What's the use to anticipate sorrow?  
 Life's troubles come never too late.  
 If to hope overmuch be an error,  
 'Tis one the wise have preferred;  
 And how often have hearts been in terror  
 Of evils that never occurred!

---

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

---

Judge not! — but rather in thy heart,  
 Let gentle pity dwell;  
 Man's judgment errs, but there is One who  
 "doeth all things well."  
 Ever, throughout the voyage of life, this  
 precept keep in view; "Do unto others as thou  
 wouldst that they should do to you. Judge Not.



O! honor thy mother, for never can you find,  
on earth, a holier love than hers.

Honor thy mother!—

---

Time has beauty's throne invaded,  
And thy rosy cheeks have faded—  
Alas! alas! poor lonely maid  
Thou hast thy market overstaid.

---

There is none, in all this cold and hollow world,  
No fount of deep, strong, deathless love, like that  
Which glows within a mother's heart!

---

Honor and fame, from no condition rise;  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

---

It is impossible to reach the pinnacle of success  
without climbing the hell of difficulty.

Do not grieve that you alone  
 Thro' pleasure's paths are doomed to roam;  
 (For you can turn from sorrow's power,  
 To woo the lightly gladsom hour.  
 And as we prize the sweetest rose,

And claim the choicest fruit that grows,  
 So will thy friends most value thee,  
 Who ever very odd must be.)

---

Fair lady! may music abide in thy heart,  
 Bidding care with its sorrowing train depart!  
 May friendship be with thee to guide and bless,  
 And wealth, with its treasures of happiness;  
 The world will deal gently with one so fair,  
 And grant thee thy portion in blessings  
 most rare.

---

It is impossible to bring back a single moment of time.



Watch and pray! the world deceiving  
 Spreads its snare around thy way;  
 But its vain allurements leaving,  
 Teach thy heart to watch and pray!  
 Watch, that blindness and temptation  
 Never there may enter in,  
 Pray that he who brought salvation,  
 All thy thoughts may cleanse from sin.

---

Beware, beware, the poisonous bowl!  
 There is destruction to thy soul  
 Within the crimson stream that lies  
 So temptingly beneath thine eyes.  
 No heart beyond its strength doth know  
 Temptations fearful barb of woe.  
 'Tis yielding makes the helpless slave,  
 And digs the thrice dishonored grave!

---

But loved and loving may'st thou live,  
 The purest bliss professing;  
 With every joy this world can give,  
 Hereafter every blessing.

---

X With <sup>this</sup> slip of my mind,  
 And scratch of my pen,  
 I leave you with wishes,  
 Of good will to men.

---

'Tis sweet to be remembered,  
 'Tis sad to be forgot,  
 So let me to you whisper,  
 Forget me not

---

True nobility is derived from  
 virtue not birth.

---



When the long bright-day is over,  
 And all nature sinks to rest,  
 When the last expiring sunbeam—  
 Softly dies out in the west,  
 Pleasant then it is to hasten,  
 Through the twilight's gathering gloom,  
 To the loved and loving circle;  
 Round the cheerful hearth at home.

---

And now dear friend. "bonjour" ["or soir"]  
 Before I make a blunder,  
 For if I do, you may be shure,  
 I shall visit the "ninth wonder."

---

He hath riches sufficient who  
 hath enough to be charitable.

---

Those who educate a nation's children shape its destiny

Forget thee? no; Forget thee never.

As soon would I forget my dinner.  
And leave my cabbage, pork and taters,  
To be devoured by hungry waiters.

---

Never chase a lie. Let it alone and  
it will run itself to death.

You can work out a good character  
much faster than any one can  
lie you out of it.

---

Little trials now may bring.

Golden lessons to the heart,  
Which perhaps, in after years,  
Stern sorrow must impart.

---

It is impossible to escape trouble by  
running away from duty.



While reading in your pleasant book,  
 I've read forget me not.  
 And I the thought, can never brook,  
 That I shall be forgot.

And now dear lady on this leaf,  
 I'll leave for a memento brief,  
 These lines, my name, and autographs.  
 And ask of thee a thought.

That thought is this, when far away,  
 Will you not then bestow,  
 One thought on her (or him) who wrote this  
 And signed her (or his) name below.  
 Jennie Miller

---

Friendship is as good as silver,  
 Love is better far than gold.

---

If called to sing — sing!

If called to soar — soar!

If called to burrow — burrow!

But in everything,

And for evermore,

Be thorough! Be thorough!



True love is like the ivy bold,

That clings each day with firmer hold;

That groweth on through good and ill,

And 'mid the tempest clingeth still.

True love is like the ivy green,

That ne'er forgetteth what hath been;

And so, till life itself be gone,

Untill the end it clingeth on,



Naught is so small that it may not contain,

The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.



Be a woman — brightest model  
 Of that high and perfect beauty,  
 Where the mind, and soul, and body,  
 Blend to work out life's great duty —  
 Be a woman — naught is higher  
 On the gilded list of fame;  
 On the catalogue of virtue  
 There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman — on to duty,  
 Raise the world from all that's low,  
 Place high in the social heaven  
 Virtue's fair and radiant bow!  
 Lend thy influence to effort  
 That shall raise our natures human;  
 Be not fashion's gilded lady,  
 But a brave, whole souled, true woman.

---

Lines

Written by Mrs. Maria M. Chandler, to  
her Mother, on her departure from Utica, for  
India, Sept. 1, 1841

Farewell mother, now I leave thee.  
Now I go far hence to dwell;  
Heathen nations call upon me,  
To them the word of life to tell.

They have never heard the story—  
Of a Saviour's dying love;  
And shall I, who hope for glory  
In the realms of bliss above,



I shall I live in ease and pleasure,  
 On the joys this world affords;  
 While the heathen perish ever,  
 For the joy that's from above,

I shall I stay with friends, sometimes,  
 And enjoy their smiles & tears.  
 While the heathen bear companions,  
 In bondage & sad, and fear.

No! I'll gladly leave them there,  
 Although grate the cross may be;  
 Christ my savior calls upon me,  
 Rise, leave all, and follow me.

Oft have we in dearest union,  
 Bowed before the Throne of love;  
 And enjoyed in sweet communion,  
 Joys which flow from Christ above.

But these happy days are ended,  
 We now part to meet no more;  
 Oft unto the cross extended,  
 Let us each his grace implore.

Enieve not, mother, that I leave thee,  
 Weep not that we meet no more,  
 But may Jesus love sustain thee  
 And his grace on thee be poured.

Copied by.

Lily May. Childs. Age 12 years.

Feb. 16<sup>th</sup> 1884

Alden,

W<sup>o</sup> Henry County. Illinois.



We shall sleep, but not forever;  
 There will be a glorious dawn;  
 We shall meet to part, no never!  
 On the resurrection morn.



Never does a man portray his ~~own~~ character so vividly as in his manner of portraying another's.



There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.



Though the world smile on you blandly,  
 Let your friends be choice and few;  
 Choose your course, pursue it grandly,  
 And achieve what you pursue.



4384





What will you take for friendship's sake?  
 O, take the fruit which God has spread  
 In blushing beauty o'er your head,  
 Go, take the water from the spring,  
 And your Redeemer's praises sing;  
 But do not touch the rosy wine,  
 Nor let your feet to sin incline.  
 When tempted to embrace the foe,  
 Look up to Christ and answer, No!

---

"Young beginners in life's morning,  
 Don't forget the rainy day;  
 Sunshine cannot last forever,  
 Or the heart be always gay,  
 Save the dime and then the dollar,  
 Lay up something as you roam—  
 Choose some blooming spot of beauty,  
 Some fair lot, and 'plant a home.'"

Trip lightly over trouble,  
 Trip lightly over wrong,  
 We only make grief double  
 By dwelling on it long,  
 Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?  
 Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?  
 Why cling to forms unsightly?  
 Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,  
 Though all the days be dark;  
 The sun may shine to-morrow,  
 And gaily sing the lark,  
 Whilst stars are brightly shining,  
 And heaven is over head,  
 Encourage not repining,  
 But look for joy instead.

---



From the storm shadow vanishing  
 All our sun and starlight here,  
 Voices of our lost ones sounding  
 Bid us be of heart and cheer,  
 Through the silence, down the spaces,  
 falling on the inward ear.  
 Let us draw their mantles on us  
 Which have fallen in our way;  
 Let us do the work before us  
 Charly, bravely, while we may.  
 For the long night silence cometh, and  
 with us it is not long.

---

Their faces are delight may bring,  
 Her beauty is a heavenly thing—  
 And thrills us with its magic charm,  
 Yet plainness hath its charm that men  
 If we are beautiful within.

Manhood bends beneath his burdens,  
 Burdens borne for others' needs.  
 Life for him, is strong and earnest,  
 Spent in sowing choicest seeds  
 For the good of coming ages.  
 If you feel his worth to-day,  
 If you prize his God-like spirit,  
 Let him know it, while you may.

While you may! Ah, words of warning,  
 How the hurrying flood of years,  
 Sweeps away our holiest treasures,  
 Leaving only dust and tears!  
 Starry eyes grow dim and faded;  
 Locks of gold are ashen gray;  
 Helpful hands grow strangely feeble;  
 Share their labors while you may!



We are pilgrims, brothers, pilgrims,  
Journeying oft o'er burning sand,  
Let us cheer each other onward,  
With our honest heart and hand.  
Vain the tardy recognition  
Proffered o'er the slumbering clay;  
Let us love, and help our brother  
While he needs it - while we may!

---

*W*  
*Dear Mary Anne, I have written,*  
*Some words and thoughts to you all;*  
*May we suppose to still, and onward, we*  
*would keep abreast of truth;*  
*Let before us glimmer our path, first in*  
*our love must Pilgrimage be.*  
*Launch out our Mayflower, and let her*  
*belley through the desperate winter sea.*

One small stone upon the other,  
 And the highest wall is built;  
 One we stitch and then another,  
 And the largest garment is made;  
 Many tiny drops of water,  
 Make the mighty rivers flow;  
 One short second, then another,  
 And the ages come and go.

---

Place one bit of useful knowledge  
 On another tiny mite,  
 Keep on adding, time will make them,  
 Shine with wisdom's burning light.  
 Each small act of perseverance  
 Leads you to some greater deed;  
 From mere little grains of fire thought  
 Often grand results proceed.



If you want to be a hero  
 On the battle field of life,  
 Do not scorn the humblest victory,  
 For 'twill aid you in the strife.  
 Little acts of care and patience  
 Grow to giants in the fight;  
 They will nerve your soul to conquer,  
 And will win you laurels bright.

---

3  
 The mountains, soaring upward to the skies,  
 So many thy hopes and aspirations rise,  
 Till carried with all life's happy stream,  
 \* You reach the pinnacle of fame.

---

Who trusts alone in luck,  
 In failure's mud will find him stuck.

I am not the laurel crown above  
 The priceless treasure of true love;  
 Though crushed to earth in Leth's dark nave,  
 It lives and blooms beyond the grave,  
 For life is love, and love is life.  
 Beyond the tempest's storms and strife,  
 The light star, hope, forever shines,  
 Its beaming light be ever thine.

---

O be, sweet, that every hour  
 May be a day of love and power,  
 The love of God and man,  
 May be a day of love and man,  
 O be, sweet, that every hour  
 May be a day of love and power.

---



I hold the maxim true,

Reward awaits the man

Who labors with a will

And with a fixed plan.

Success does not arise

From plaudits or acclaim,

'Tis the fruit of labor

Directed to an aim.

Place high your aim at once,

Think not the future lost;

Resolve to hit the mark,

And never count the cost.

In the great the little find;

In the little find the great;

Never be to either blind,

Neither underestimate.

Aim high. You may not touch the mark, but by a high aim you will come nearer to it than by not trying at all. Then by making the effort many persons have come nearer to it than at first anticipated.

---

It is the happy faculty, Of woman far and wide,  
To turn a cot or palace, Into something else beside,  
Where brothers, sons and husbands tired  
With willing footsteps come. A place of rest, where  
love abounds, A perfect king dom, Home.

---

There are as many lovely things.

As many pleasant tones.

For those who sit by cottage hearths,  
As those who sit on thrones,



Life is a folded flower, and what it holds,  
 We know not, till, unwinding leaf by leaf,  
 It shows God's secrets hidden in its folds  
 And bares its fragrant heart to vision brief -  
 For when its beauty and significance  
 Upon our earth dulled senses break at last,  
 Back to its dust the flower turns, perchance  
 Ere we have learned its meaning life is past.

( : )

---

Make thy life better than thy work. Too oft  
 Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft,  
 Fair curves upon their statues while the rough  
 And ragged edges of the unknown stuff,  
 In their own natures startle and offend,  
 The eye of critic and heart of friend.



If men were wise in little things,  
 Affecting less in all their dealings,  
 If hearts had fewer rusted strings,  
 To isolate their kindred feelings,  
 If men, when wrong beats down the right,  
 Would strike together to restore it,  
 If right made might in every fight,  
 The world would be the better for it,

---

I live for those who love me,  
 for those whose hearts are true;  
 For the heavens that smiles above  
 me and awaits my spirit; too;  
 For all human ties that bind me,  
 for the task by God assigned me,  
 For the bright hopes left behind me  
 and the good that I can do,



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